the burglar had escaped, "and the

next is mine."
"Did you see anything?" inquired Malcolm Sage, who, having unscrewed the mouthpiece of his pipe, proceeded to clean it with a blade of grass.

\* \* \* \*

A GAIN there was the slightest suggestion of hesitation before Glanedale replied.

"No, nothing. You see," he added, hastily, "I was not looking out of the window, merely sitting at it. As a matter of fact, I was facing the other tway."

Glanedale shook his head.
"So that the first intimation you had of anything being wrong was

what?" he asked.

"I heard the mater at her door calling for assistance, and I went immediately."

Malcolm Sage turned and regarded the water pipe speculatively.

"I wonder if any one really could climb up that," he said. "I'm sure I couldn't."

couldn't."
"Nothing easier," said Glanedale.

## The Holding Up of Lady Glanedale

Another Interesting Adventure of Malcolm Sage, Detective

BY HERBERT JENKINS

looked across at her quickly, a keen flash of interest in his somnolent

'Somebody's pinched Lady Glanedale's jewels. Just had a telephone message. What a happy place the world would be without drink and

"And women," added Thompson, alert of eye and prepared to dodge anything that was coming.

"Tommy, you're a beast. Get thee hence!" and, bending over her typewriter, she became absorbed in rat-

tling words onto paper. Thompson had just reached the third line of "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry." when his quick eye detected Malcolm Sage as he entered the outer

With a brief "Good morning," Mal-With a brief "Good morning," Mal-colm Sage passed into his room, and a minute later Gladys Norman was reading from her notebook to the effect that early that morning a burglar had entered Lady Glanedale's bedroom at the Home Park, Hyston, the country house of Sir Roger Glanedale, and, under threat from a pistol, had demanded her jewel case, which she had accordingly handed to

As the jewels were insured with As the jeweis were insured with the Twentieth Century Insurance Cor-poration, Ltd., Malcolm Sage had been immediately communicated with, that he might take up the inquiry with a view to tracing the missing prop-

One of Malcolm Sage's first cases One of Malcolm Sage's first cases had been undertaken for this company in connection with a burglary. He had been successful in restoring the whole of the missing property. In consequence he had been personally thanked by the chairman at a fully attended board meeting, and at tully attended board meeting, and at the same time presented with a gold-mounted walking stick, which, as he remarked to Sir John Dene. no one but a drum major in full dress would dare to carry.

Having listened carefully as she

Having listened carefully as she read her notes. Malcolm Sage dismissed Gladys Norman with a nod, and for some minutes sat at his table drawing the inevitable diagrams upon his blotting pad. Presently he rose and walked over to a row of shelves filled with red-backed volumes, lettered on the back "Records," with a number and a date.

EVERY crime or curious occurrence that came under Malcolm Sage's notice was duly chronicled in the pages of these volumes, which con tained miles of press-cuttings. They were rendered additionally valuable by an elaborate system of cross-refer-

by an elaborate system of cross-reference indexing.

After referring to an index volume Malcolm Sage selected one of the folios, and returned with it to his table. Rapidly turning over the pages he came to a newspaper cutting, which was dated some five weeks previously. This he read and pondered over for some time. It ran:

DARING BURGLARY. Country Mansion Entered Burglar's Sang Froid.

In the early hours of yesterday morning a daring burglary was com-

Hyston, the residence of Mr. Gerald Comminge, who was away from home at the time, by which the burglar was able to make a rich haul of jew-eis.

In the early hours of the morning Mrs. Comminge was awakened by the presence of a man in her room. As she sat up in bed the man turned an electric torch upon her and, pointing a revolver in her direction, warned her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot. He then demanded her that if she cried out he would shoot her the voice of a man of refinement or otherwise?"

"I should describe it as middle-class mat middle-class, was the snobbish response.

"It looked like a silk handkerchief tide across his nose. It was dark in the response of violence is not binding," he suggested as he pulled meditatively at his right ear.

"It looked like a silk handkerchief tide across his nose. It was dark in tone; but I could get only a dim important the inclined his head compression."

In the response of violence is not binding.

"In time suggested as he pulled meditatively at his right ear.

"It is with me, "a the inclined his head compression."

In the response o shoot. He then demanded to know where she kept her jewels, and Mrs. Comminge, too terrified to do auy-thing else, indicated a drawer in

thing else, indicated a drawer in which lay her jewel case.

Taking the jewel case and putting it under his arm, the man threatened that if she moved or called out within a quarter of an hour he would return and shoot her. He then got out of the window on to a small balcony and dis-appeared.

It seems that he gained admittance by clambering up some ivy and thus on to the narrow balcony that runs the length of one side of the house.

the length of one side of the house. Immediately on the man's disappearance Mrs. Comminge fainted. On coming to she gave the alarm, and the police were immediately telephoned for. Although the man's footprints are easily discernible upon the mold and the soft turf, the culprit seems to have left no other clue.

The description that Mrs. Comminge is able to give of her assailant is rather lacking in fletail, owing to the shock she experienced at his sudden appearance. It would appear that the man is of medium height and slight of build. He wore a cap and a black handkerchief tied across his face just benezth his eyes, which entirely handkerchief fied across his face just beneath his eyes, which entirely masked his features. With this very inadequate description of the ruffian the police have perforce to set to work upon the very difficult task of

tracing him.

For some time Malcolm Sage pondered over the cutting, then rising he replaced the volume and rang for

replaced the volume and rang for Thompson.

An hour later Tims was carrying him along in the direction of Sir Roger Glanedale's house at a good Roger Glanedale's nouse at a good thirty-five miles an hour.

The Home Park was an Elizabethan mansion that had been acquired by Sir Roger Glandale out of enormous profits made upon the sale of margarine. As Tims brought the car up before the front entrance with an im-

e sweep, the hall door was n open by the butler, who habitually strove by an excessive dignity of demeanor to remove from his men-tal palate the humiliating flavor of

margarine.

Malcolm Sage's card considerably mitigated the impression made upon Mr. Hibbs' mind by the swing with which Tims had brought the car up

inches too short for the air she as-sumed, fair, good-looking; but with a hard, set mouth. No one had ever per-mitted her to forget that she had

narried margarine.
"You have called about the burglary?" she inquired, in a tone she might have adopted to a plumber who had come to see to a leak in the

"Perhaps you will give me the de-ils," he said. "Kindly be as brief possible." his "incipient bolshemanifesting itself in his man-

LADY GLANEDALE elevated her eyebrows; but, as Malcolm Sage's eyes were not upon her, she proceeded to tell her story.

"About 1 o'clock this morning I was awakened to find a man in my bedroom," she began. "He was standing between the bedstead and the farther window, his face masked. He had a pistol in one hand, which he pointed toward me, and an electric torch in the other. I sat up in bed and stared at him. 'If you call out I shall kill you, he said. I asked him what he wanted. He replied that if I gave him my jewel case and did not call for kind as to lie on your bed in the

CRE trouble. Tommy," remarked Gladys Norman one morning as James Thompson entered her room. He decross at her quickly, a keen interest in his somnolent yes.

The then made me promise that I was helpless, I given cases I possess.

The then made me promise that I wall, and handed him one of the two jewel cases I possess.

The then made me promise that I would not ring or call out for a quarter for an hour, and he disappeared out of the window.

The then made me promise that I would not ring or call out for a quarter for an hour, and he disappeared out of the window.

The then made me promise that I would not ring or call out for a quarter for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, of the window.

The then made me promise that I would not ring or call out for a quarter for a nor hour feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, of the window.

The then made me promise that I was helpless, I give out of bed, put on a wrapper, was more than any other feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, of the window.

The then made me promise that I was depressed her eyes now her feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, or her right side, closed her eyes, or her feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, or her feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the bed on her right side, closed her eyes, or her feature for the purpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the set of the surpose of expressing emotion. Without comment, however, she lay down upon the set of the eyest of the surpose of expressing emoti



"Not very well," she replied. "I saw little more than a silhouette against the window. He was of medium height, slight of build and I should say young."

"That seems to agree with the description of the man who robbed Mrs. Comminge," he said as if to himself.

"That is what the inspector said," remarked Lady Glanedale.
"His voice?"

"His voice?"
"Was rather husky, as if he were

was to have stayed at the Ritzton; but apparently he found them full and went elsewhere."
"You have no suspicion as to who it was that entered your room?"
"None whatever," said Lady Glane-

dale.
"The police have already, been here?" he inquired, as he examined here? he interprets a rose he had

here?" he inquired, as he examined with great intentness a rose he had taken from a bowl beside him.
"Yes, they came shortly after we telephoned. They gave instructions that nothing was to be touched in the room, and no one was to go near the ground beneath the windows."

ground beneath the windows."

Malcolm Sage nodded approvingly.
and returned the rose to the bowl.

"And now," he said, "I think I should like to see the room. By the way. I take it that you have should like to see the room. By the way, I take it that you keep your safe locked?"
"Always," said Lady Glanedale.
"Where do you keep the key?"
"In the bottom right-hand drawer of my dressing table, under a pile of handkerchiefs."

of my dressing table, under a pile of handkerchiefs."
"As soon as you can I should like to see a list of the jewels," said Mal-

colm Sage.

"My maid is copying it out now," she replied, and led the way up the staircase, along a heavily carpeted corridor, at the end of which she threw open a door giving access to a

edroom.
"That is the window he must have entered by; he went out that way," explained Lady Glanedale. "You spoke of a stepson," said Mal-colm Sage. "He is a man, I precolm Sage.

"He is twenty-three."
"Can you send for him?"
"Certainly, if you wish it." She rang the bell, and a moment later requested the maid who answered it to ask Mr. Robert to come immediately.

dale, after a pause for thought. "I remember having the feeling that some one was looking at me." "Was the light from the torch shining on your face?"
"No, it was turned to the opposite side of the room, on my right as I

At that moment a young man in weeds entered. tweeds entered.
"You want me, mater?" he inquired;
then, looking across at Malcolm Sage
with a slightly troubled shadow in his eyes, he bowed.
"This is Mr. Sage from the insur-

nce company." said Lady Glanedale oldly. "He wishes to see you."

Again there was the slightly troubled look in young Glanedale's "Perhaps you will place Mr. Glane-dale in the exact position in which the man was standing when you first saw him," said Malcolm Sage.

WITHOUT a word Lady Glanedale walked over to the spot she had indicated, young Glanedale following. When she had got him into the desired position she turned interrogat-

sked as he mechanically turned over the leaves of a book on a table beside the leaves of a book on a table beside the door. Finally she walked over to where her stepson stood, and handed where her stepson stood, and banded him the jewel-case.
"Thank you," said Malcolm Sage.
"I wanted to see whether or not the man had the opportunity of seeing into the safe." into the safe."

"I took care to stand in front of "So I observed. You allowed the quarter of an hour to elapse before you raised the alarm?"
"Certainly, I had promised," was the response.

sne turned toward the morning-room, where she had received him, "did you happen to notice if the man was wearing boots, or was he in stockinged feet?"

"I think he wore boots," she said, "Thank you," and Malcolm Sage turned toward the door, which was held open by the butler.

Passing down the steps and to the left, he walked round to the side of the buyer where the space imme-

the house, where the space immediately beneath Lady Glanedale's windows had been roped off.

Stepping over the protecting rope, he examined the ground beneath the window through which the burglar had entered.

had entered. Running along the side of the house was a flower-bed some two
feet six inches wide, and on its surface was clearly indicated a series of
footprints. On the side of the
painted water pipe were scratches
such as might have been made by ome one climbing up to the window

Drawing a spring metal rule from his pocket, he proceeded to take a series of measurements, which he jotted down in a notebook. He next examined the water pipe up which the man presumably

which Tims had brought the car up to the door.

Malcolm Sage was shown into the morning room and told that her ladyship would see him in a few minutes. He was busy in the contemplation of the garden when the door opened and Lady Glanedale entered.

He bowed, and then, as Lady Glanedale entered late seated herself at a small table, he took the nearest chair.

She was a little woman, some eight inches too short for the air she as-

no more."
"Do you think the man who took the jewels stole it?" inquired Mal-

"Dang the jools," he retorted. "I

"AT BREAKFAST WE DECIDED TO TELEPHONE TO THE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY," SHE MOCKED. ed, casually. Then, a moment later he

ed, casually. Then, a moment later he inquired:

"Do you usually sit up late?"

"We're not exactly early birds,"
Glanedale replied, a little irrelevantly. "The mater plays a lot of bridge,
you know," he added.

"And that keeps you out of bed?"

"Yes and no," was the reply. "I
can't afford to play with the mater's crowd; but I have to hang about until after they've gone. The governor hates it. You see," he added, confidentially, "when a man's had to make his money he knows the value of it."

"True," said Malcolm Sage, but from the look in his eyes his thoughts seemed elsewhere.

"By the way, what time was it that you had a shower here last night?"

"A shower?" repeated Glanedale.

"Oh! yes, I remember, it was just about 12 o'clock; it only lasted about ten minutes."

"I'll think things over." said Mal-

want my trowel," and, grumbling to himself, the old fellow shuffled off to the other end of the hedge. Half an hour later Malcolm Sage

Half an hour later Malcolm Sage was in Hyston interviewing the inspector of police, who was incoherent with excitement. He learned that Scotland Yard was sending down a man that afternoon; furthermore, that elaborate inquiries were being made in the neighborhood as to any susplicious characters having recently been seen.

been seen.

Malcolm Sage asked a number of questions, to which he received more or less impatient replies. The inspector was convinced that the robbery was the work of the same man who had got away with Mrs. Com-minge's jewels, and he was impa-tient with any one who did not share this view.

this view.

From the police station Malcolm Sage went to the Painted Flag, where, having ordered lunch, he got through to the Twentieth Century Insurance Corporation, and made an appointment to meet one of the assessors at Home Park at three o'clock.

almost imperceptible shrug of his sloulders, "whether it is better to tell your story now, or under cross-examination in the witness box. There you will be under oath, and the proceedings will be public."

At that moment Laoy Glanedale entered, and the three men rose.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," she said coldly, "but Sir Roger has just telephoned and wishes to speak to Mr. Glenedale."

"I fear we shall have to keep Sir Roger waiting," said Malcolm Sage, walking over to the door and closing it. Leav Clenedale looked at him with unemaching over to the door and closing it.

water-pipe with a shoe or boot as high up as it could reach. It—"

"How dare you make such an accusation!" cried Lady Glanedale.
"I have made no accusation," said Malcolm Sage quietly. "I am telling what Mr. Glanedale saw."

Although there had been a shower and the mold was wet, there were no maraks of mud or mold on the pipe, on window-sill, or in Lady Glanes-on which, I understand, had purposely not been swept. A man had slid down that water-pipe; yet he that his stepmother was much addicted

alking over to the door and closing men's boots that the footprints might be masculine. They were so much too large for her that she had to drag lady Giancdale looked at him in shipprise.

"I do not understand," the began.

"You will immediately," said Maicolm Sage quietly. "We were just discussing the robbery." He slightly stressed the word "robbery."

"Really——" began Lady Glanedale.

"Mr. Glanedale was sitting at his window, smoking," continued Mail the stress than fifteen. Skirts are worn very narrow.

"A \* \* \* \*

"Mr. Glanedale was sitting at his window, smoking," continued Malcolm Sage evenly. "He cannot remember ever having done such a to see what would follow. I was something unusual had attracted his attention and that he was waiting to see what would follow. I was just about to tell him what had attracted his attention when you entered. Lady Glanedale looked across at his stepmother and then at Malcolm Sage. Glanedale looked across at his stepmother and then at Malcolm Sage. "Hr. Glanedale looked across at his stepmother and then at Malcolm Sage. "Hr. Glanedale happened to look out of his window and was surprised to see a figure moving along toward the left. It was not the figure of a man with a handkerchief tied across his face as a mask; but a woman. He watched. He saw it pause beneath he second window of your bedroom. Lady Glanedale, not the one by which the burglar entered. Then it stooped down."

Malcolm Sage's fingers seemed to be tracing each movement of the mysterious figure upon the surface of the table. Lady Glanedale gazed at his long, shapely hands as if hypnotized. "Presently," he continued, "it returned to the first window, where it was eccupied for some minutes. Mr. Glanedale could net see this; but the figure was engaged in making footprints and marking the sides of the water-pipe with a shoe or boot as high up as it could reach, it—"How dare you make such an accusation!" cried Lady Glanedale."

"How dare you make such an accusation!" cried Lady Glanedale."

"How dare you make such an accusation!" cried Lady Glanedale."

"In the center part of the pipe there were light scratches for as high up as the clied across his foot prints and marking the sides of the water-pipe with a shoe or boot as high up as it could reach, it—"

"How dare you make such an accusation!" cried Lady Glanedale."

"In the center part of the pipe there were light scratches for as high up as the clied and the proposition of the pipe.

"Although there were light scratches for as high up as the clied the pipe there were nowned to t

A hunted look sprang to Lady Glanedale's eyes. She tore her eyes from those magnetic fingers and gazed about her wildly as if meditating flight. Her throat seemed as if made of leather.

"Would you be prepared to deny all this in the witness box under oath, Mr. Glanedale?" inquired Malcolm Sage.

Glanedale looked at him with unseeing eyes, then across at his stepmother.

"The woman had put on a pair of men's boots that the footprints might of men's boots that the footprints might of the mold has been disturbed. Incidentally a trowel is missing—"

disturbed. Incidentally a trower ismissing—"
Glanedale suddenly sprang to his
feet, just as Lady Glanedale fell forward in her chair—she had fainted.
"It's a very unpleasant business," remarked Mr. Goodge, the general manager of the Twentieth Century Insurance Company, as he looked up from
reading a paper that Malcolm Sage had
just handed to him. In it Lady Glanedale confessed the fraud she had sought
to practice upon the corporation. "I

dale confessed the fraud she had sought to practice upon the corporation. "I don't know what view the board will take," continued Mr. Goodge, as Malcolm Sage made no comment. "They will probably present me with another walking stick," he remarked Mr. Goodge laughed, Malcolm Sage's

Indifferently.

Mr. Goodge laughed, Malcolm Sage's walking stick had been a standing joke between them.

"What made you first suspect Lady Glanedale?" he inquired.

"She had omitted to rehearse the episode of the burglary, and consequently when it came to reconstructing the incident, she failed in a very important particular." Malcolm Sage paused.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Goodge with interest.

"She had already told me that the key of the safe was always kept beneath a pile of handkerchiefs in one of the drawers of her dressing table; yet when I asked her to go through exactly the same movements and actions as when the burglar entered her room, she rose direct from the bed and went to the safe. The dressing table was at the other end of the room, and to get to it she would have had to pass the spot where she said the man was standing.

Mr. Goodge nodded his head appreciatively.

"The next point was that I discovered it was Lady Glanedale who suggested to the police inspector that means should be taken to prevent any one approaching the water pipe by which the man was supposed to have climbed. She was anxious that the footprints should be preserved.

\* \* \* \*\*

"A NOTHER point was that young Glanedale happened to remark

that men who have themselves accumulated their wealth know the value of money. Sir Roger disliked bridge and probably kept his lady short."

"Most likely." agreed Mr. Goodge.
"He has the reputation of being a bit shrewd in money matters. When did you begin to suspect Lady Glane-ale."

ale?"
"From the first." was the reply.
"Everything rang false. Lady Glanedale's story suggested that it had
been rehearsed until she had it by
heart." continued Malcolm Sage. "It
was too straightforward, too clearly

expressed, for the story of a woman who had just lost eight thousand pounds' worth of jeweis. When I put questions to her she hesitatee before replying, as if mentally comparing her intended answer with what she had already told.

"Then she was so practical in preparing a list of the lost jewels at once, and in warning her stepson not to go near the spot beneath her window, as there might be footprints; that at a time when she was supposed to be in

time when she was supposed to be in a state of great excitement."
"Did you suspect young Glanedale at all?" queried Mr. Grimwood.
"No," said Malcolm Sage, "but to make quite sure I cast doubt upon the possibility of any one climbing the pipe. If he had been concerned he would not have volunteered to prove I

pipe. If he had been concerned he would not have volunteered to prove I was wrong.

"Even the professional criminal frequently underrates the intelligence of those whose business it is to frustrate him: but Lady Glanedale's efforts in marking the water pipe would not have deceived a child. A powerful magnifying glass will show that on all such exterior pipes there is an accumulation of dust, which would be removed from a large portion of the surface by any one climbing either up or down. Lady Glanedale had thought marks made by a boot or a shoe would be sufficient confirmation of her story. She is rather a stupid woman." he added, as he rose to go.

"I suppose she got the idea from the Comminge affair?"

"Undoubtedly," was the response:
"But as I say, she is a stupid woman. Vanity in crime is fatal; it leads the criminal to underrate the intelligence of others, Lady Glanedale is intensely vain."

vain."
"The board will probably want to thank you personally," said Mr. Goodge as he shook hands; "but I'll try and prevent them from giving you another walking stick," he laughed, as he opened the door.

(Copyright, 1921.)

## "Prince of Poets" of France to Visit America

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, July 30, 1921. AUL FORT, his long hair tumbling negligently in yet graceful spit curls over brow and ears, bid tearful "au revoir" to the Latin Quarter and sailed for the United States-on tour as "prince of poets." Nobody told him about pro-

Therefore, anything may happen were he other than Paul Fort; but, being he, before he is half parched

"True," said Malcolm Sage, but from the look in his eyes his thoughts seemed elsewhere.

"By the way, what time was it that you had a shower here last night?"

"A shower?" repeated Glanedale.

"Oh! yes, I remember, it was just about 12 o'clock; it only lasted about ten minutes."

"Till think things over," said Malcolm Sage, and Glanedale, taking the hint, strolled off toward the house.

Malcolm Sage walked over to where an old man was trimming a hedge.

Malcolm Sage intented morphendingly.

"You know Mrs. Comminge?"

"I will not trouble you further for the present, Lady Glanedale," said Malcolm Sage, moving toward the he said.

"To one stolen contained those I mostly wear," replied Lady Glanedale; time in the grounds. Later I may require to interrogate the servants." in the other I keep some very valuable family jewels."

"What was the value of those stolen?"

"About [8,000," she replied, "possibly more. I should explain, perhaps, that Sir Roger was staying in town able to get him on the telephone. He hall door. "By the way," he said, as to have stayed at the Ritzton; but was to have stayed at them full and so far I have not been able to get him on the telephone. He hall door. "By the way," he said, so she turned toward the morning-town where she had received him, and I aint a-going to lend over to where or Ould you lend me a trowel for half an hour?" he inquired.

"Ould you lend me a trowel for half an hour?" he inquired.

"No, dang it, I can't," growled the door anything else."

"Why?" inquired Malcolm Sage.

"Why?" inquired Malcolm Sage.

"There's my best trowel gone out of the toolhouse," he grumbled, "and I ain't a-going to lend no others."

"How did it go?"

"How should I know?" he complained he was preplied. "So where to where to where to where an old man was trimming a hedge.

"Could you lend me a trowel for half an hour?" he inquired.

"No, dang it, I can't," growled the half an hour?" he inquired.

"Why?" inquired Malcolm Sage.

"There's my best trowel gone out of the toolhouse." "How did it go?"

"How should I know?" he complete.

"How should I know?" he complete.

"How should I know?" he complete.

"How should you miss it?"

"How did it go?"

"How should you miss it?"

"How did it go?"

"How did it go?"

"How should I know?" he co garcon worshipfully fetches the swift goblet, caraffe of ice water and two lumps of sugar. Confidentially he pours the divine ambrosia, green in color, with a fragrance of paregoric, and the water, mixing with it, turns it cloudy with opalescent glints, the dying glory of all the greens in the world. Whence the homely expression "to strangle a parrot."

THE poet gravely sips. He pours in more water thoughtfully, replacing the displacement he has sipped. He sips again. He pours again. The milky green clears and the opal fires glint brighter. His disciples, wor shiping, draw round the "prince of poets." Thus Paul Fort has written

fifteen volumes.

When France was invaded in 1914 absinthe was put against the wall and shot. Blameless and mild, our here turned to simple bitters, never doubt ting in his heart of a boy that the real thing would return in its time, as it has done. With this same optimism he now risks the parched alkali sands of the great American desert to led ture happily and with emotion of his beloved France, with wit and intelligence of French poetry and literature.

And when you hear him you will not need to understand his land workers. It is always ten to one that of them, deft and graceful, putting not need to understand his language. You will understand Paul
Fort, and it is enough. Because,
kindly observe that other men in
France and elsewhere have entered a
cafe, seated themselves at a marble.

STERLING HEILIG, The Sunday Star's Special Correspondent in Paris, Writes of Paul Fort and the "Glory of the Closerie des Lilas"-Poet Frequents the Same Cafe for Twenty Years and Writes All His Poetry in Prose-Fifteen Volumes of Peculiar Rhymes.



PAUL FORT, "PRINCE OF POETS" OF FRANCE (AT RIGHT IN FRONT ROW), WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA.

which the man personnelly in the man personne

Won't you take another picture?

I smiled. But the "Prince of Poets" did not smile. "We were modesty and peace," he said. "You have brought a disturbing element."

Fame, publicity!

STERLING HEILIG.

Stars and Stars.

How many surefire stars are then in motion pictures? Al Rockett of the Rockett Film Corporation says there are only half a dozen, and then Mr. Rockett goes on

goods and knows how to deliver them all the time. Every player has a certain economic value, and the mo-tion picture studios are raidly classi-fying Picture players according to type, ability, experience and econo-"A surefire star is the best asset on

"A surefire star is the best asset on earth, either in pictures or the stage, and the star system becomes objectionable only when short-sighted producers subordinate everything and everybody to the star. That is why, in these days, the public prefers the no star (or 'all star') picture to the picture that stars a near star.

"Where all always as a star. "Where all players are stars there can be no star, and that's the kind of pictures the Rockett company is making. It is the solution of the future and the solution of the star question. One thing the pictures need is more stars."

Slump Is Passing. THE wave of depression which hit ' the motion picture industry a few months ago is rapidly passing, according to officials of the leading film companies, and by September the movies will be back with a bang.

Unlike other industries that felt

they say.

the business slump early and went through a long period of depression. the motion picture companies crisis was of short duration. Last winter. it is said, when much was written about the decline of the movies, the industry actually was in the most prosperous period in its history. The economies and elimination of waste and extravagance in the making of motion pictures effected at that time by some of the leading produc-ers was interpreted by many as a slump. In reality, the move was made in anticipation of the natural depres-